

Here begynneth þe newe Notbozune mayd bpo þe passio of cryste



In maner is halfe decayed
But neuer the lesse
Throughe ryght wysenes
They with be not apayed
yet mercy trewe
Muste contynewe
And not a parte belayed
Syth ye for loue
Came frome a boue
frome your father in trone.
Of lounge mynde
To warde mankynde
To dye for hym alone.



ryght and no wrong
It is amonge
þe of man cōplayne
Affyrmyng this

Howe that it is
A laboure spent in bayne
To loue hym well
For neuer adell
He wyll me loue agayne
For though that I
He soze applye
His fauer to attayne
yet yf that shewe
To hym pursue
That clepyd is Sathan
Hym to conuerte
Sone from his herte
I am a banysshed man.

¶ Maria the mayde.

¶ I say not naye
Bothe nyght and daye
Swete sonne as ye haue sayde
Man is bnynde
His faythfull mynde

partaking of belongs to.

¶ Iesus.

¶ Than ye and I
Mother marie
Let vs despute in fere.
Ryght hertely I you supply
your reason lette me here.
With man bnynde
Hath neuer mynde
Of me that bought hym dere
If his folye
Shulde haue mercy
I penste all ryght it were
I am by ryght
The kyng of lyght
for man my blode out ranne
ye knowe a parte
yet from his herte
I am a banysshed man.

¶ Maria.

Here in your wyll
For to fulfyll
I wyll not sone refuse.
To say the truthe

~ supplicante. 2.

More is it ruthe
I cannot man excuse.
To his owne shame
He is to blame
His lyfe soo to measure.
yet though rygoure
Without fauour
Wolde hym the xpoze accuse.
Mercy I pleate
That is more greate
Than rygoure ten to one.
Syth of good mynde
To warde mankynde
ye dyed for hym alone.

¶ Jesus.

¶ The cause stode so
Suche dedes were do
Wherfoze moche hartine dyde
¶ Tho man and I (gro we.
Came for to dye
A shamefull dethe ye knowe.
Upon a tree
To make hym free
¶ This loue I dyde hym howe
yet to my lawe
For loue no awe
He wyll not bende nor bowe.
¶ Thus my dere mother
For man my brother
Let me do what I canne.
Hym to conuerte
yet from his herte
I am a banyshted man

¶ Maria.

¶ O lorde of blyffe
Remembre this
Howe mannes mynde is lyke y

Is varyable
fayle / and vnstable
At moze we / nyght / & noone.
Though he vnkynde
Haue not in mynde
What ye for hym haue doone.
yet haue compassyon
Of our saluacyon
For sake not man so soone.
A whyle hym spare
He shall prepare
Hym selfe to you anone.
With harte and mynde
Louynge and kynde
To serue but you alone.

¶ Jesus.

¶ I can beleue
He shall remeue
His synne a daye or twayne.
But lytell space
That god of grace
Wyll in his herte remayne.
It shall aslake
And he wyll take
His olde vfrage a gayne.
So from his thought
¶ That hym bought
Shall be expoulshed playne.
¶ Thus wyll he do
Swete mother loo
Ho! de ye all that ye canne.
Upon his parte
yet frome his herte
I am a banyshted man.

¶ Maria.

¶ Swete sonne syth ye
To make hym fre

Wold dye of your good mynde. He hathe done wronge
 your herte souerayne
 Clouen in twayne
 By Longes the blynde. 2?
 And all was done
 That man alone
 Shulde not be lefte behynde.
 your goodnes euer
 Dothe stylperseuer
 Though he haue ben unkynde
 What is offendyd
 Shall be amended
 ye shall persayue anon.
 He shall be kynde
 yeldyng his mynde
 And loue to you alone.

Jesus.

Matter in dede
 My sydes dyde blede
 For man ryght as ye saye.
 yet yonge and olde
 He neuer wolde
 Unto my lawes obaye.
 But to fulfill
 His wanton wyll
 Wychynchyng fro me alway
 Frome his delyght
 By day or nyght
 He wyll make no delay
 No mother he
 Refuseth me
 And tourneth hym to Sathan
 Thus from his thought
 I that hym bought
 Am made the banysshed man.

Maria.

Wothe olde and yonge

I graunt sone to the same
 Rowyng at large
 In Sathans charge
 Empayryng his good name
 Syth ye hym loue
 A greate reproue
 It is to hym a shame
 I do confesse
 By ryght wylenes
 He is greatly to blame
 But I commence
 Afore clemence
 For man myne accyon
 Let rygour cesse
 Mercy can beste
 Determyne this alone.

Jesus.

Consydre now
 Swete mother howe
 Man is a wyld outlawe
 Kenneth a boughte
 In euery route
 Workyng agens my lawe
 And yf the deuyll
 Tempte hym to euyl
 They to sone wyll he drawe
 And all myschefe
 ys to hym lese
 Withouten loue or aue
 To me or you
 Though for his prowe
 ye do to all yecan
 When all is sought
 Myet frome his thought
 I am a banysshed man.

Maria.

A. II.

Though as ye say
He disobaye
your commaundemet and loze
yet yf loue make
Hym to forsake
His synne / & wepe therfore
with full contricyon
for his transgressyon
His herte oppressing sore
Contryte and meke
As Dauid speke
what aske ye of hym more
My sonne / my lord
your prophytes worde
I pray you thynke vpon
And ye shall fynde
Man meke and kynde
To serue but you alone.

Jesus.

My herte & maye
To rent & draue
And me with othes tobynde
Cheseth not he
Grace or pytye
In hym can I none fynde
The crewell Jewes
were to me shrewes
But he is more vnkynde
Syth for his prowte
He knoweth well howe
I dyde of lounge mynde
Of me eche membze
He dothe remembze
with othes all that he can
Thus ofte I fynde
He in his mynde
But elles a banysshed man.

¶ Maria.

Full well knowe ye
I yent thyes thye
Man feble is to fyght
The deuyl / his fleshe /
The worlde all fleshe
Drouke hym day and nyght
To sue theyr trace
Whiche in eche case
Is wronge and neuer ryght
That thyne stabylte
Of his fragylte
I yent theyr bath no myght
Though man that frayle is
Swere armes / and nales
Blane / blode / sydes / passyon
Swete sonne regarde
Your paynes harde
ye dyded for hym alone.

¶ Jesus.

Now for mannes nede
Syth I wolde blede
And great anguysh sustayne
In stony wayes
Both nyghtes and dayes
Walkynge in frost / and rayne
In clode / and hete
In drye / and wete
My fete were bare both tway-
Though I for loue (ne
To mannes behoue
Endured all this payne
That I therfore
Sholde spare the more
No reson fynde ye can
Rather I sholde
More stryght hym holde

And as a banysched man

Maria,

O yet my sonne dere

I pray you here

What tyme poure reason is

Mannes soule to cure

ye dyde endure

Woche payne / I knowe well

To man all bayne

Shulde be your payne

If he were put to blys

For playne remysyon

Is my petcyon

Where man hathe wrought a

ye be his leche

I you beseeche

To saulue his sores echone

That he vnkynde

May chaunge his mynde

And serue but you alone.

Jesus.

Whither or theder

He careth not whyther

He go hym to enclyne

To wyckydnesse

From all goodnesse

He dayly dothe declyne

In cardes and dyce

He compteth no dyce

Nor syttyng at the wyne

To fyght and sweere

To rent and tere

Alondre me and myne

To thus he dothe

To make me wothe

The worst he may or can

And I am twynde

Out of his mynde

Ryght as a banysched man.

Maria.

O my dere sonne dere

Syth ye the clere

fountayne of mercy be

Though man be frayle

He may not fayle

(this To fynde in you pytpe

He wyll I truste

Frome worldely lust

Turne his swete soule to me

And in shorte space

So stande in grace

mys That I his soule shall se

To blyste assende

That hathe none ende

There to remayne as one

That hathe ben kynde

And set his mynde

To serue but you alone.)

Jesus.

O Man greueth me soze

For lasse nor more

Wyll he wons doo for me

Ones in a yere

A good prayer

He sayeth not on his kne

The poute may stande

With empty hande

For almes they wyll none be

Bothe day and nyght

He flyeth the ryght

But folye he wyll not fle

His proper wyll

For to fulfyll

He doeth all that he can

But from his thought
I that hym bought
Am yet a banyshted man

Maria.

¶ If man for you
For his owne prynces
Wyll to no grace procede
Mercy or grace
Afore your face
He none deserueth in dede
But I your mother
For man your brother
Make Instance in his nede
Though he deserue
To bypnyne / and serue
In the Infernall glede
Spare hym for me
And ye shall se
That he shall tourne anone
Frome his folye
Incessantly
To serue but you alone.

Jesus.

¶ Why shulde I soo
Say let hym go
My dere mother mary
Syth his delyght
Is to belyght
And deale so unkyndly
For you nor me
He wyll not flee
From byce / nor hym applye
My wordes to here
That bought hym dere
On crosse anguyously
Bothe yonge and olde
He hath ben bolde

To greue me that he can
But my precept
was curd vncept
And I a banyshted man.

Maria.

¶ For ruthes & dyede
Myne herte doth blede
Man in no wyse wyll be
By reason sayd
Nor yet apayed
From his offence to flee
For though that I
For remedye
Do all that lyeth in me
To haue hym cured
yet so endured
with synne & vyce is he
That to be shorte
what I exhort
Not herde is / yet anone
I trust he shall
Make well his thral
And serue but you alone.

Jesus.

¶ So rude and wyld
And so defyled
Is he / passe shame & dyede
That to what lawe
He shulde hym drawe
He scarcely knoweth in dede
yet better were
For hym to lere
Some vertu / & procede
To grace than saye
Another daye
Alas my wycked dede
Hath me betrayed

Lo thus good mayde
The doughter of saynte Anne.
Man hate exylede
Frome hym your chyld
Ryght as a banyshted man.

Marla.

¶ Whan all to all
Shall come / he shall
I trust from byce abrayed —
And fle theyr scoo
whiche hathe hym so
Encombered & arayed —
He shall repell
Sathans counceill
That ofte hathe hym betrayed
With full compounctyon
To take thy inuinction
That shalbe to hym layed
Of harde penaunce
And hym auauunce
To seche remyssyon
Full reconfylde
To you my chyld
Te serue but you alone

Jesus.

¶ My comaundement
Neuer tontente
His hyghnes for to alove
His Trouis bryde 2?
Wyll not belayed
For me nor yet for you
Myne pette to teare
He hathe no feare
But dare it well abowe
Wylde with hym goeth
In herte & cloth
How say ye mother no we

By thynketh great ease
He to dysplease
By all the meanes he can
But whan my wyll
He shulde fulfyll
I am a banyshted man.

Marla.

Sonne though mannes blode
Be wylde and wode
Frayle as a fadyng floure
Regardynge nought
How ye hym bought
Out of the fendes powre
With hertely mynde
Euer enclyned
To be a transgressoure
A yent your lawe
And though he drawe
Hym selfe to synne eche houre
ye may not soo
His soule forgo
Synth ye spttynge in throne
Wolde for his loue
Come frome aboue
To dye for hym alone.

Jesus.

¶ Mother your loue
I se the proue
To man is bynde & true
To haue his lyfe
Brought out of stryfe
Kyndeley for hym ye sue
And yf he wold
His byces olde
Forsake & take vertue
I wolde for ruthe
Seynge the true

And lone that ye hym thewe
Graunt hym remysyon
Upon condycyon
That he forlake Sathan
That I may fynde
We in his mynde
And as no banyshed man
Maria.

CSonne your petye
And charytye
Was well perceyued & sene
Whan your pleasure
Was to endure
To lye my sydes betwene
Nyne monethes / and than
Be bozne as man
And to brynge hym from tene
In graue be layed
And me your mayd
To make of heuen Quene
And condestende
Thus at the ende
To graunte man your pardon
At my requeste
Wherfoze shulde reste
Greate laude to you alone

Jesus.

The pooze at nede
To clothe and fede
Parte of his rent & wage
He muste bestowe
Rememberynge howe
All came of one lynage
Forlakynge synne
He may me wyne
And to myne herytage

I shall hym take
His soule to make
My spouse in marriage
For to perseuer
With me foreuer
With ioye she may say than
That she hath wonne
A kynges sonne
And not a banyshed man.

The translator.

Regarde and se
O man to the
God is moche fauorable
Eschewe thou than
Repyse no man
Beware by dedes dampnable
In any wyse
Euer despyse
Sathan the deceyuable
Thy soule beware
Out of his snare
Neuer be founde vnstable
Perseuerauntly
Reason applye
Justely let all be done
Endlesse solace
Shall he purchase
That serueth but god alone.

Thus endeth the boke of the
newe Notborne mayd vpon
the passyon of Cryste Impryn-
ted at London by John Skot
Dwellpuge in Foster lane wch
saynt Leonardes paryshe.

